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Souvenir

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This book only recently published shows a large number of scenes in and around Pensacola not heretofore published. It is artistically printed and its covers are unusually beautiful.

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Is prepared to do all kinds of Dyeing, Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing of Men's and Women's Clothes, having recently installed a thoroughly up-to-date plant for steam cleaning and dyeing.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF SALE.

By virtue of an Execution issued out of the Justice of the Peace court, Second District of Escambia county, Florida, wherein Carlson Grocery Co. are plaintiffs and W. C. Beck is defendant, I have levied upon and will sell at public outcry in front of the county court house door in the city of Pensacola, Fla., on Monday, May 1st, A. D. 1905, during the legal hours of sale the following described property to-wit:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21 and 90, Section 28, Tp. 3 South, Range 30 West in Escambia county, Florida.

J. C. VAN PELT,
Sheriff.

ESTATE OF H. D. MARKLEY, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of September, A. D. 1905, I will apply to the Honorable County Judge of Escambia County, Florida, for a final discharge from the administration of said estate.

M. W. BROCKWAY,
Administrator.

MR. AVERY'S RACE SEPARATION BILL

FULL TEXT OF MEASURE WHICH PASSED THE HOUSE AND IS NOW BEFORE SENATE.

Following is the full text of the bill for the separation of the races in the street cars, by Hon. J. Campbell Avery, Jr., of Escambia county, which has passed the house and is now before the senate:

A Bill to Be Entitled

An act to require street car companies and others in this state, to furnish separate cars or divisions for white and colored passengers; to require said companies and others to keep their respective cars or divisions; to give conductors and employees of said companies police powers; and to provide penalties for the violation of this act.

Be it enacted by the legislature of the state of Florida:

Section 1. That all street car companies, persons, associations of persons, firms or corporations operating street car lines in this state, shall furnish equal accommodations in separate cars or divisions of cars for white and colored passengers.

Section 2. That all street car companies, persons or associations of persons, firms or corporations, operating street car lines in this state, shall cause their cars or divisions to be separated by movable partitions or screens so as to separate those for colored passengers from those for white passengers. Over the cars or divisions for white passengers shall be marked in plain letters the words: "For White," and over the cars or divisions for colored passengers shall be marked in plain letters: "For Colored."

Section 3. That when any street car is provided for white and colored passengers, respectively, may be in space proportioned according to usual and ordinary volume of travel by white and colored passengers on the line on which the car is used.

Section 4. That conductors or other employees in charge of such cars shall assign passengers to their respective cars or divisions, provided by said companies under the provision of this act, and such persons in charge of such cars are hereby invested with police powers to carry the provisions of this act into effect.

Section 5. That any passenger willfully occupying any street car or division of car other than that to which he has been assigned, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by a fine not to exceed \$25, or by imprisonment not to exceed thirty days. Conductors and all other employees in charge of such cars or divisions of cars are hereby clothed with the power to eject from the car or cars any passenger who refuses to occupy such car or division to which he may be assigned.

Section 6. That it shall be unlawful for employees having charge of such cars to permit white and colored passengers to occupy the same car or division; doing so shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding \$25 or imprisonment for not exceeding thirty days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Section 7. That the provisions of this act shall not apply to colored female nurses on such cars or divisions of cars having the care of white children or sick persons.

Section 8. That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the running of extra, or special cars for the exclusive accommodation of either white or colored passengers, if the regular cars are operated as usual, as required by this act.

Section 9. That all laws or parts of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

Section 10. That this act shall take effect on the first day of July, 1905.

Crushed by His Wife.

"My wife is not always as considerate of my feelings as she might be," says the man who invariably means well. "I went home the other night, and I could see that I was not more than a dunc with her on account of—well, no matter what. I was full up of a new theory a man had been imparting to me, and as I always believe in a man's regarding his wife as his intellectual equal I told her about it. The man told me that it is the brain that really nourishes the hair. He even went so far as to say that if you pull a hair out you pull out a bit of brain with it. It interested me exceedingly. My wife just snuffed."

"That's not new," she said. "I found that out long ago. It doesn't matter either whether the hair is pulled out or falls out naturally."

"That's what I get for trying to be good to that woman. Stung by my wife."

Here he raised his hat. He was as bald as a newly plucked egg.—Washington Post.

Timing Bananas.

It is generally known that bananas are shipped while yet green and unripe, but few persons are aware of the careful and elaborate time calculations required in setting out the plants and cutting off the fruit in order to insure the arrival of the bananas in proper condition at their destination. When a plantation is begun the young plants are set out at certain intervals so that they will produce at regular pre-fixed times during the year. A certain number of days before the arrival of a steamer the green fruit is cut, and a close calculation of the time that will be consumed in the voyage must always be made, else the bananas will be spoiled. Fruit steamers carry steam heating apparatus to insure a uniform temperature throughout the voyage. The ripening is calculated to occur only after the fruit has reached the retail dealer.

TWO PAIRS

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"A hundred dollars! And her dog and her cat! I call that a shame—a burning shame!" Amy Watts said, holding out her hand to Jocelyn, ostensibly sympathetic, but with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye.

"I don't," Jocelyn said stoutly. "Aunt Bertha never promised to make me her heir. She did all she said and more—gave me my education—with a lot of frills in the way of extras—dressed me well and gave me also a chance of earning her money. I wouldn't take it!"

"Why, I—I don't understand," Amy began. Jocelyn laughed softly. "The earning would have been easy—to some girls," she said. "It only meant being a missionary. You see, aunt felt that she herself ought to have gone—she thought she had heard a call that way—but her terror of men and water was such she never could venture to answer it. She wanted me to fill the gap which she thought she had left in the ranks. Then, too, the poor old dear knew I'd spend her money if I got it without the missionary career in having good times. And she did so hate good times! She simply couldn't be happy unless she was very miserable."

"You stayed with her nine years," Amy said in a voice of awe. Jocelyn smoothed out her black gown and said cheerfully: "Yes, and I'm glad of it. Toward the last she clung to me pitifully—called me her comfort, and all that. But it broke me all up to have her ask my pardon for the will, as though I had a right to be hurt over it. I've lived so useless, child, I had to do a little good at the very last," she said. So her dear missionaries got everything but the place, and the family silver—they went to a Chalmers down in Texas, the last of the name. She hoped he would come back to live on the place. Somehow, in spite of all her crankiness, she kept the feeling of race. I'm not real blood kin of hers, you know—only her stepmother's grandchild."

"When is he coming—this Texan?" Amy interrupted.

Jocelyn laughed roguishly. "Not at all, I suspect, Amy-Mammy. You'll have to put up with Frank Palmer after all, for even if Mr. Stephen Chalmers should come he is likely to bring a Mrs. Chalmers along. Early and often is the Texas motto when it comes to matrimony, and he's all of thirty-five."

"Frank has no eyes now for anybody but you," Amy said, trying to mask spite with playfulness and succeeding rather ill.

Jocelyn gave her a keen look. Inwardly she whistled, a favorite trick of hers in case of great surprise. "Unless you take that back right straight I'll bundle you out, neck and crop," she said severely, but with twinkling eyes. "I don't deny grudging Frank to you. What woman could? But you have possession, which is nine points of the law, not to speak of vested interests. You two were betrothed in the cradle, I've always heard, by your respective fathers."

"Oh, that was all a joke!" Amy said, but blushed and bridled delightedly. Amy was a pretty enough girl unless Jocelyn were by to put her out of court. Jocelyn was tall and twenty, light on her feet, lithely rounded, a figure of grace, vital everywhere, most of all in her peach tinted face and laughing eyes. In the three weeks since she had come home she had subjugated half of Lynnville—women no less than men. What wonder that she had swept Frank Palmer off his feet!

He was a rich man's only child, spoiled of course, but a decent fellow enough, dutiful to his father and tenderly affectionate toward his invalid mother. He had intended to marry Amy on purpose to please his mother, who was fond of the girl and had grown to depend on her greatly. Now he had decided she would be much fonder of Jocelyn before six months were out. How could she help it? While the two girls talked of him he was saying this to the sick woman, who answered him with only silent choking sobs and wringing of wasted hands. The silence irritated him to the point of action. He went out of the house far from gently and swung down, so intent upon his errand he ran fairly into a tall, sunburned fellow who stood irresolute upon a corner.

"No harm done; rather good," the stranger said in answer to his apologies. "At least I reckon so. It gives me a chance to speak to you without seeming like a confidence man. I ought to be ashamed to say it, but the fact is I'm lost—lost in Lynnville, where I was born a long time ago. The Lynnville I remember was another sort of place—used to be a public square, where the turnpike went down toward the river, with a market house and courthouse."

"They've gone out to meet the railroad," Frank explained, smiling in spite of himself.

The stranger said, "H'm!" then plunged into the middle of things with: "Say, what sort of proposition is this Craig girl—Miss Jocelyn? You're bound to know her if you live here."

"She's most adorable," Frank answered, smiling.

The stranger looked at him, also smiling, but shrewdly. "It's plain she's run her brand on you, young man," he said. "So you up and tell me who you are? And how you're fixed? No harm meant. I've got a good reason for asking. My name's Chalmers. I've come all the way up here to sort of even things. When I got the straight story of my great-aunt's will and knew how

internally she had treated the Craig girl I said to myself, 'Steve, it's up to you to make tracks up there and marry that poor thing.'"

"Sure you can do it?" Frank asked, a stormy red flashing into his face. Chalmers wheeled upon him. "Lord, yes," he said. "Even in Texas there aren't many would turn down Steve Chalmers. Ever hear of the Tomahawk Ten ranch? Pretty complete outfit, if I do say it myself. It don't really lack much but a mistress, and that it's going to have, sure as this Miss Jocelyn shows up as any sort of Texas timber. She ought to be that. This little old state of Tennessee raises about the best going. That's what made me wait so long. I've been knowing I needed a wife ever since the Tomahawk Ten got to a fall draft of 2,000 steers, but somehow I couldn't fetch it to come up here after her. Now—well, I don't think I'm going home by myself, not even if I find the wind blows the way I think it does."

"How is that?" Frank asked.

Chalmers laughed. "Why, that you've gone and cut me out before ever I was rightly cut in," he said. "Ain't that about right?"

"I don't know," Frank interrupted, "but, doggedly, if you'll come along with me we'll very soon find out."

"So you're going to see her?" Chalmers ejaculated, with a whistle. Then, rubbing his hands, "But you haven't told me a word about yourself."

Frank ran into a brief account of himself as they swung along the street. Chalmers listened attentively and at the close asked: "Now, one thing more, are you right sure you ain't mortgaged property? I don't see how you can help being, living here where folks can't do much but marry, specially women. Oh, ho, I thought so!" noting Frank's frowning frown. "Now you speak up—the whole truth—before we go a step farther together."

"Would you ruin your life to please other people?" Frank demanded.

Chalmers looked at him narrowly. "No man ruins his life except by doing wrong," he said. "Tell me the whole tale, then I can judge."

"Gee, but you are in a sort of a box," he said when he had heard the tale. Then, with a swift smile, "But it oughtn't to be hard to get you out, with two men wanting to marry and two women ready to be persuaded."

"You don't mean?" Frank began, reaching for the other hand. Chalmers returned the clasp, but said oracularly, "Wait until I've seen 'em both; no buying pigs in a poke for yours truly." Then there was silence until they stood side by side upon the Craig piazza shaking hands with the two young women, whose conclave they had interrupted. Five minutes later Chalmers managed to wink at Frank unseen. And when after supper they marched away arm in arm he burst out: "It's all right—mighty right—old son! I'm with you to the last cartridge. Jocelyn has got the looks, but somehow that Amy bunch of calico is just the size I want. We've got a whole month's time to work in. Ought to be a pair of weddings at the end of it."

There were a pair of weddings, although they waited until fall. When they came off Amy was so happy that she made a beautiful Mrs. Chalmers, and Mrs. Palmer, Sr., was nearly as much in love with Jocelyn as her bridegroom son.

The Tick of a Clock.

In a recent police court squabble over a clock one man testified that he could identify the timepiece in question by the tick. This statement was received with derision by most of the courtroom attaches, the magistrate included, but later a watchmaker to whose attention it had been called declared that the scoffers laughed before they knew what they were laughing at.

"Of course you can tell a clock by its tick," he said. "I don't mean that every clock has an individual tick that can be recognized by its friends, but many of them have, and a person who has owned a certain clock for a long while and has studied its style and mannerisms can, if he has a good ear, detect that particular tick among a hundred. Many clocks that are apparently made on the same plan develop peculiarities in their running gear. Some canter along at an even pace, others go by jerks and spurts. Some are stately and solemn, others frisky and gay. The ticking of clocks varies, too, in rhythm, pitch and dynamics. With all these differences in tone is it any wonder that a man who has measured his life by one clock for several years can swear even in court to its particular tick?"—New York Post.

Troublesome Children.

Everything is relative, after all, even age, yet one might suspect that the "children" of one of Mr. Muzzey's "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of some discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of ninety-five years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good looking old man with a large, well shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance beamed with benevolence.

I asked him if he had any children.

"Oh, yes, I have two sons," he replied.

"Why did you not bring them with you?"

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said: "I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort."

"Why, how old are they?" I asked, wondering if he could mean his grandchildren.

"Oh, one is seventy, and the other is seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

Read The Journal's Want Ads.

Read The Journal's Want Ads.



Martin Baldwin.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Nerve Force

Nerve Force rules the world.

Health—the satisfaction of living—is the right of every man and woman born into the world.

Health is a question of keeping all the organs of the body working together in fine, smooth, harmony.

The force that rules them all—that makes them work as nature meant and makes them keep in harmony—is Nerve Force.

Without Nerve Force there can be no health at all—no success—no joy in living.

The center of life is in the nerves. The real root of health or sickness is found in the condition of the nerves.

Neglect the nerves and they will make you feel this neglect in many ways, they control all of the organs of the body and must be kept healthy and strong to do their work properly—tired nerves cannot keep the organs of the body working in that harmony which is essential to real health.

This is why Paine's Celery Compound is able to bring health in so many different forms. Paine's Celery Compound feeds and nourishes the nerves. It makes new Nerve Force. It makes pure, rich blood, a clean active liver, a stomach that acts quietly and strongly upon all the food that is given to it, bowels that throw away promptly and surely all the ashes from life's engine room.

It makes the heart beat true and evenly, it makes the brain clear and vigorous.

The Nerve Force does this, and Paine's Celery Compound makes the Nerve Force.

Best of all it makes that buoyant life-spirit, the thrill of health, that is the secret of happiness and the keynote of individual success.

This is the work of Paine's Celery Compound. It is the most celebrated nerve vitalizer and tonic in the world.

We give the testimony of many individual cases, simply that you may know their experience in their own words.

"I am a man of more than 60 years, and for the past 20 years I was a great sufferer with acute stomach trouble and rheumatism. I tried a number of specialists, but their efforts were unavailing and I felt as though life was not worth living, and I had given up all hope of being a well man again. My wife, who also had stomach trouble, at the suggestion of a friend, tried two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound and was fully restored to health. She then encouraged me to try the same medicine; I did so, and now I am a sound and well man, able to work every day. I bless my good wife every day for my good health, as she got me to take Paine's Celery Compound, in my opinion the greatest medicine ever given to the world for nervousness, stomach trouble, rheumatism and kindred ailments. Yours very truly,"—Martin Baldwin, 610 North 10th St., St. Joseph, Mo. Feb. 25, 1904.

Doctors know and value this prescription and make constant use of it in their practice.

Its effect is almost instantaneous—the nourishment and vigor given to the nerve system by Paine's Celery Compound is felt at once.

The patient feels this at once and gains confidence by it.

The Nerve Force begins at once to make each organ of the body do the work that nature expects of it.

Two days' treatment with Paine's Celery Compound will prove its marvelous power.

Remember this,—Paine's Celery Compound is the prescription of one of the most famous physicians this country has ever known, Prof. E. E. Phelps, of Dartmouth University, and all reputable druggists sell and recommend it.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

Quick Sales and Small Profits

THAT IS WHY WE ARE DOING
A BIG BUSINESS.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO KEEP UP WITH OUR ADS.

Stall Fed Hens, per head, 50 to 60 cents.	Irish Potatoes, per peck, 13 to 20 cents.
Eggs, per dozen, 18 to 20 cents.	Granulated Sugar, 15 pounds for \$1.00.
Tennessee Butter, per pound, 28 to 30 cents.	Y. C. Sugar, 17 pounds for \$1.
Renovated Butter, per pound, 27 to 28 cents.	Coffee, fresh ground every day, one pound 17½ cents.
Fox River Butter, per pound 35 to 37 cents.	Green Coffee, per pound, 10c.
High Grade Creamery Butter, per pound, 35 cents.	Extra Fine Hams, per pound, 12 to 12½ cents.
Sweet Potatoes, Dooley Yams per peck, 35 to 40 cents.	Good Lard, 15 pounds for \$1
	Best Baldwin Apples, per bbl., \$3.00.

All goods sold in our store proportionately low. These are bottom cash prices. Come and see us.

GEO. W. PRYOR & SONS

127, 129, 131, 133 East Government Street,
Telephone—Produce Dept. 29, Grocery Dept. 223.

Political Announcements.
CITY ELECTION CANDIDATES.

FOR MAYOR.

The friends of C. L. Shine announce him as a candidate for mayor at the city election June 6, and they ask the support of all voters on that date.

FOR CITY TAX COLLECTOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of tax collector of the city of Pensacola and ask the support of all voters at the city election.

NEILS MCK. OERTING.

FOR CITY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for City Treasurer, in the city election of June 6, 1905.

MANSFIELD MORENO.

For City Marshal.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for City Marshal at the election to be held June 6, 1905. I respectfully ask the support of all voters.

FRANK WILDE.

For City Treasurer.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Treasurer and ask the support of all voters at the city election to be held June 6th.

JOS. I. JOHNSON.

FOR ALDERMAN, PRECINCT 13.

I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for re-election to the office of precinct alderman from Precinct No. 13 at the city election in June, and ask the suffrage of the voters.

O. M. PRYOR.

For Alderman, Precinct 12.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election as alderman at large from Precinct No. 12, at the city election to be held in June, and ask the support of the voters in the city.

W. L. MOYER.

DAILY SCHEDULE

For Steam Division

PENSACOLA ELECTRIC TERMINAL
RAILWAY CO.

Trains leave Pensacola for the Little Bayou, Big Bayou, Warrington, Navy Yard, and Fort

Barrancas at—		
7:25am	at Ft. Barrancas	7:55am
9:00am	at Ft. Barrancas	10:30am
12:50pm	at Ft. Barrancas	1:30pm
2:50pm	at Ft. Barrancas	4:30pm
6:15pm	at Ft. Barrancas	7:00pm
8:10pm	at Ft. Barrancas	8:50pm

*Saturdays only.
Trains leave Fort Barrancas for

Pensacola at—		
8:00am	at Pensacola	3:40pm
11:00am	at Pensacola	11:40am
2:00pm	at Pensacola	2:40pm
5:15pm	at Pensacola	5:55pm
7:00pm	at Pensacola	7:45pm
9:00pm	at Pensacola	9:45pm

*Saturdays only.
— SUNDAY SCHEDULE.

Electric car will leave Pensacola every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. inclusive, and Saturday night only at 11 p. m., and leave Big Bayou for Pensacola every hour, at 7:30, 8:30 and so on until 10:30 p. m., with the exception of the first car leaving Pensacola at 6 a. m., which will, on returning, leave the Big Bayou at 6:30 a. m. and the 2 p. m. car will leave Big Bayou at 2:40 p. m.

The above is the week day schedule, which will begin Friday, April 15. Electric car will leave Pensacola at 7, 8, 9, 10, 11:50, 12:50, 1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 8, 9 and 10 p. m., running through to the Big Bayou, and immediately returning from Big Bayou to Palmetto Beach will await arrival of steam train from Pensacola and will then run to Pensacola ahead of the train from Fort Barrancas.

The steam trains will run as at present, but will observe this electric car schedule and will work in connection with it.

Pensacola, St. Andrews and Gulf Steamship Co.

STEAMER TARPON

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SERVICE

Between—

PENSACOLA, MOBILE, APALACHICOLA, CARRABELLE, ST. ANDREWS, MILLVILLE.

SCHEDULE.

And all points on St. Andrews Bay, Carrabelle and Apalachicola.
Leave Pensacola Sunday, 8:30 a. m. for Mobile, Ala.
Leave Pensacola, Tuesday, 8:30 p. m. for St. Andrews, Millville, Apalachicola, Carrabelle and intermediate points.